

Repentant and Prayerful, Outlaw Leader Floyd Allen
Wants Fellow-Murderers to Surrender and Stand Trial

NEW BISHOP GLAD
HE IS HOME AGAIN

Cardinal, Too, Is Grati-
fied That Good Man
Will Rule Here.

INSTALLATION
SERVICE TO-DAY

Distinguished Churchmen Arrive
With Cardinal to Attend Cer-
emony in Cathedral, When
Bishop O'Connell Will For-
mally Assume Robe
of Office.

Official Program.

10 A. M.—Archbishops and bish-
ops, with their chaplains, moni-
tors and faculty of the Catholic
University, assemble at episcopal
residence, 800 Cathedral place.
10 A. M.—Clergy (other than
aforementioned), diocesan and out-
side, and sanctuary boys assemble
at pastoral residence, 628 Cathedral
place.
10:20 A. M.—Procession starts
from pastoral residence along
Cherry street, by episcopal resi-
dence, where it is joined by the
clergy from episcopal resi-
dence, the united line proceed-
ing down Floyd avenue to the
cathedral entrance. The highest
dignitaries bring up the rear of the
line of march in the order of their
seniority in the episcopacy.
10:30 A. M.—Solemn pontifical
mass, special sermon, ending with
blessing by Cardinal Gibbons.
Reading of the papal bulls.
Transfer of jurisdiction from ad-
ministrator to bishop-elect.
Act of loyalty and submission on
the part of diocesan priests.
Address of bishop-elect to dioc-
san clergy and people.
Address of His Eminence the Car-
dinal.
Singing of the "Te Deum" by
priests and people, assisted by the
choir.
Procession files out in the same
order in which it entered.

"I have come back home, and I'm
glad to get back home," said Bishop
O'Connell, in his study at the episcopal
residence yesterday, greeting a report-
er for The Times-Dispatch, to whom
he granted ten minutes of an after-
noon crowded with visitors, messages
and preparations for his installation
to-day.
"Although it has been thirty years
since I was a regular resident of Rich-
mond, I am as much at home among
the people as I ever was," he added.
"So many old acquaintances have
called to-day that it seems to me
almost as if I am returning home after
a short absence on important business.
I can't realize that I have been away
all this time.
"I just say for me that I have come
home. I first Richmond changed in
appearance, changed wonderfully, but
the people are the same people, and
I am glad to be one of them and to
work with them."

Bishop O'Connell showed a lively in-
terest in local affairs and asked a
number of questions about friends and
acquaintances. The conversation grew
more general, and the bishop found
occasion in the course of it to deplore
the tragedy enacted last week in Hill-
sville.

Cardinal in Fine Humor.
Cardinal Gibbons, who arrived at 2
o'clock yesterday afternoon from Bal-
timore, received the reporter in the
bishop's private study with the
graciousness for which he is famed
among newspaper men. Serene and
smiling as he sits in a high-backed
chair, he sat ensconced in a high-backed
chair. The brilliant red cap on his
head proclaimed his cardinal's rank.

"I don't think a wiser choice could
have been made," he declared. "I have
been knowing him thirty-five years, and
I know all about him. Why, it was I
who sent him to Rome almost thirty
years ago, and I have been keep-
ing an eye on him all the time. He is
a man of highest purpose, and the Di-
ocese of Richmond is fortunate. If you
want to know how much I think of him,
come over to the installation to-mor-
row. I will have more to say then."

Many Dignitaries Arrive.
Incoming trains from every point of
the compass yesterday poured into the
city a small army of bishops, moni-
tors, priests and laymen gathering for
the installation ceremonies, which be-
gin with an imposing ecclesiastical
procession at 10:20 o'clock this morn-
ing. In the line of march will be in-
cluded every visiting churchman, from
parish priest to cardinal, all of them
robed in the vestments proper to their
rank in the church. The procession,
weather permitting, will be the most
spectacular feature of the installation
and will be witnessed by thousands.

Immediately upon the entrance of
the procession in the church will be-
gin the installation service proper,
preceded by pontifical high mass, which
will be celebrated by Rt. Rev. Henry P.
Northrop, Bishop of Charleston. The
mass will be sung by a male choir of
(Continued on Second Page.)

BANDITS KILLED
IN RUNNING FIGHT

Two Escaped Convicts
Shot Down and Third
Surrenders.

FUGITIVE CAUGHT
AFTER HARD CHASE

Roy Blunt, Who Is Forced to
Furnish Team and Act as
Driver for Trio of Despera-
dos, Is Innocent Victim of
Murderous Attempt to
Gain Liberty.

Omaha, Neb., March 18.—Two of the
convicts, John Dowd and John Tay-
lor, who escaped last Thursday from
the State Penitentiary at Lincoln, and
Roy Blunt, an innocent victim of their
murderous attempt to gain liberty,
are dead as the result of a battle
between the bandits and officers of the
law this afternoon.

Charles Morley, the third member
of the trio which escaped from the
State prison after killing three offi-
cers of that institution, saved his life
by surrendering to the officers, with
whom he had fought a running battle
over two and a half miles of country
with horses on the gallop. The three
escaped convicts were within striking
distance of the hoped-for goal of
safety when the final struggle for
liberty occurred. They had covered
the stretch from Lincoln to within
ten miles of the Omaha city limits,
where they had expected to receive
protection of friends.

Employ Desperate Methods.
From the moment of their escape
the three men had employed the same
desperate methods to protect them-
selves from capture, which featured
their escape from prison, and they
did not hesitate at the crucial mo-
ment to attempt to sell their lives
as dearly as possible. It was a futile
attempt, however, because they were
armed with shotguns and revolvers,
while their pursuers had a full supply
of repeating rifles. Early in the day
the telephone operator at Omaha, about
fifteen miles south of this city, re-
ported the presence of the desperate
men. It had the result of bringing
to the vicinity six organized posse.

Chief Briggs, of South Omaha, and
his deputy, John C. Trouton, were
leaders in the party which finally over-
took and vanquished the three con-
victs and shot an innocent victim of
the desperate dash for liberty.
Briggs left this city on an early
morning special train with several
Omaha police officers. They left the
train at Springfield, about fifteen miles
south of here, and there learned of
the movements of the convicts. The
men had broken into a store at Mar-
dock, between this city and Lincoln,
and stolen guns, ammunition and
clothing.

It was learned that the men were
on their way north with Albright, an
Omaha suburb, as their destination.
Chief Briggs secured a fast heavy
team at Springfield, Sheriff Chase had
a good span of horses, and Sheriff
Hyers, of Lincoln, also joined the
party. Three miles out of Springfield
the posse learned that the convicts
had forced Roy Blunt and his wife
to give them breakfast and to furnish
a team and wagon, with which they
hoped to escape to Albright, compell-
ing Blunt to act as driver.

The chase began at once, the rural
telephone playing its part in the
chase, as by its use the pursuers were
able to learn from farmers along the
route of the progress of the convicts.
Reaching a point eight miles from
here, the officers caught up with the
vehicle carrying the convicts, near
Mowbray School. Young Blunt was
compelled to lash his horses into a
run, but the officers kept up the pur-
suit until they were within 100 yards
of the fleeing desperados. Then
Briggs and Trouton opened fire with
their rifles. From this time until
Morley finally surrendered it was a
dashing fight over three miles of
rough country roads.

Blunt Victim of Bullets.
Finally there came a halt when
young Blunt toppled back into the
wagon, the victim of a bullet. Chief
Briggs instantly jumped from his
buggy and fired at the men in the
wagon. Meantime, other members of
the posse came up and joined in the
fusillade. John Dowd was next to
fall. Taylor was the third to fall,
and then Charles Morley, the third
convict, threw up his hands in token
of surrender.

Chief Briggs shouted to Morley to
drop his weapon or he would meet
instant death.
Morley, who held aloft a big re-
volver, dropped it, and Briggs ordered
him to come forward with his hands
up. This Morley did, and Briggs took
a second revolver from the man's
pockets.

Not knowing just what had hap-
pened, Briggs demanded of Morley the
surrender of the other man in the
wagon.
"They are all dead," declared Mor-
ley. Briggs then went to the wagon,
taking Morley with him, and found the
lifeless bodies of the victims of the
battle. The bodies of the convicts
were turned over to Sheriff Hyers, of
Lincoln, and that of Young Blunt to
his family. Hyers took Morley back
to Lincoln on an afternoon train.



Floyd Allen, the cause of all the trouble at Hillsville, in his bed at the Elliott House.



Posse about to leave the courthouse at Hillsville.



Crowds in front of the courthouse. This photograph was taken just after the shooting.

SIDNA ALLEN AND GANG PENNED
IN SQUIRREL'S SPUR FORTRESS,
AND DAYBREAK MAY SEE BATTLE

(By Associated Press.)

Greensboro, N. C., March 18.—A long distance telephone message from Jack Albright, editor of the Mount Airy Leader, to the Daily News at midnight stated that a messenger had just arrived in Mount Airy, and asked that every available man be sent to Squirrel's Spur, twelve miles from Mount Airy and just inside the Virginia border, where it was believed Sidna Allen and several men of his gang were surrounded. The messenger stated that at 10 o'clock a force of forty detectives had formed a cordon about Squirrel's Spur, and that they had every reason to believe that Sidna Allen and a number of his men were in hiding there.

The officers came upon Wesley Edwards at his cabin, eight miles east of Sidna Allen's home, at sundown. Edwards made his escape through a back door of his cabin, leaving his rifle and pistol in the house. A sister told the posse that Sidna Allen was at the house in the morning; that he was badly wounded, and that he told Edwards to come to Squirrel's Spur to-night. The detectives tracked Edwards to Squirrel's Spur and are positive of the presence there of a body of men. Aid was asked from Mount Airy in order that the pursuers might storm the outlaws' fortress with daybreak.

Squirrel's Spur is at the foot of the mountain range. It is inaccessible except by foot, and is said to be a natural fortress. Rugged rocks form a circle about half way across the open space, and it is not believed that it will be possible to force the outlaws without a quick rush and possible further loss of life. The place is twelve miles east of Sidna Allen's home.

SEARCH OF DETECTIVES IS FUTILE,
AND ALLEN GANG STILL AT LARGE

Empty-Handed, Posse Returns to
Hillsville From Chase
in Mountains.

BY ALEXANDER FORWARD.
Hillsville, Va., March 18.—Either
entirely at sea as to the whereabouts
of the four missing men, or else plan-
ning a coup for to-morrow, the de-
tectives and officers did but little to-day.
They are to-night entirely inactive,
but expect to start for the mountains
at an early hour to-morrow.

It would appear that immediate
hope of catching the fugitives had
been abandoned were it not for the
fact that the detectives "protest too
much" that they believe the Allen
and Edwards have made good their
escape into the most inaccessible parts
of Western North Carolina. The
declaration to this effect leads to
the conviction that important results
are impending.
Returns Empty-Handed.
Still empty-handed the half dozen
detectives who remained in the moun-
tains when the rest of the posse re-
turned to Hillsville last night, came in
to town this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Up
to that hour, it seemed the apprehen-
sion of the fugitives was no nearer ac-

FORMER TERROR
OF MOUNTAINSIDE
IS OLD AND BROKEN

Trembling in His Cell, He Talks to The
Times-Dispatch of His Troubles Follow-
ing Fatal Battle in Courtroom.

HE COULD HAVE ESCAPED, BUT
REMAINED IN HILLSVILLE TO
PROTECT FLEEING RELATIVES

Pleads for Services of Lawyer and Minister, the For-
mer So Far Denied Him—Wants to Be Tried in
Hillsville, Where the People Know Him, and
Feels Keenly Absence of Any Word From His
Family—He Hopes Brother Jasper Will Tell Sidna
and the Boys to Give Themselves Up, as "It's the
Only Thing for Them to Do."

(Special from a Staff Correspondent.)

Roanoke, Va., March 18.—Declaring that he is sorry for what happened at
Hillsville last Thursday, urging his brother and relatives to give themselves
up and stand trial, pleading for counsel and advice and the spiritual comfort
of the church, and definitely stating that he could have escaped, but remained
behind willingly to be captured, in order to protect his fleeing relatives, Floyd
Allen for the first time told his trouble to-night in the Roanoke jail.

In the Floyd Allen I saw, repentant, full of remorse, prayerful, old and
tremulous, one would scarcely recognize the dashing devil-may-care moun-
taineer, the fearless leader of the band of fighting Allens, whose very name
has for years struck terror to the people of Hillsville, and whose word has
been very like law in Carroll county. Just five days ago this same man, with
his band of kinsmen and followers, practically wiped out the officials of Car-
roll county, brazenly declaring, when about to be sentenced in court, "Boys,
I will not go to jail," and following this assertion by killing the judge, the
sheriff, the Commonwealth's attorney, a juror and a young girl in the court-
room.

To-night this same so-called Fighting Allen lies in a prison cell, a small
steel cage five by seven feet, as pitiable an object as one may find within
the borders of Virginia. Without friends, without a word from his family,
with no lawyer to defend or advise him, the old man nurses his wounded leg,
and begs insistently for a minister to come to comfort him.

"The devil was sick; the devil a monk would be."

Jail Heavily Guarded by Officers.

At the jail I found a heavy guard. On the first floor Officer Reynolds was
in command, while above, on the floor where Allen is confined, Jailer Allen
guarded the outer door. Officer Ayers was on duty outside the cell, and a
young white man, acting at once as guard and nurse, was in the small steel
cage with the prisoner.

Except for a cot on which Floyd Allen was stretched, the cell contained
not a single thing, even the plates and cups on which his meals are served
being of paper. No knife or fork is allowed within the cell—not even a
pencil—lest he attempt to take his own life.

No one is allowed to speak to the prisoner without the permission of Judge
Staples or Detective Baldwin, and those who receive such permission are
warned to keep far away from the bars lest he injure them. Danger there
may be to-morrow or next day, but to-night the old man resembles rather a
repentant sinner on the mourners' bench than a desperate and vicious murder-
er.

Before I saw him, Floyd Allen had been visited by the Rev. T. Claggett
Skinner, pastor of one of the leading Baptist churches of Roanoke, and to him
the prisoner had declared: "I am sorry, indeed, for what occurred at the
courthouse."

At this point Dr. Skinner held up his hand, and warned the prisoner that
he must not make any statement about the killing. When I approached the
cell the old man was sitting on his cot nursing his broken leg. He was
dressed in a white night gown and his white hair and mustache were
desheveled. He looked a very old man indeed, but later he told me he was
but fifty-five years of age.

Wants to Be Tried in Hillsville.

"I've just come from Hillsville," I told him, "and the people are all asking
whether or not you will demand that you be tried in some other county
rather than Carroll."

The old man shook his head and seemed to consider the question carefully.
Finally he answered: "I reckon I would rather be tried in Hillsville than any
other place. I know the people there and they know me."

"Yes, I'll be tried in Hillsville unless they (the authorities) take me some-
where else. Can you tell me where else they could try me? Are there many
other courts, and what are the names of the judges?"

I ran over a number of names of Virginia judges, but Allen did not seem
to know any of them even by name, for he stopped me by saying:

"I reckon that Hillsville suits me. I'll be tried there."

I then asked him if he had engaged counsel, and he said: "No," adding:
"They (the authorities) won't let me see any one, so I can't get a lawyer.
I want to send for Judge Hairston, of Roanoke, just as soon as they will
let me."

Turning to Officer Ayers, he asked if the officer would send Judge N. H.
Hairston to see him, but Mr. Ayers replied that nothing could be done until
Judge Staples returned from Richmond.

When I told Allen that I had talked with his brother "Jack," or Jasper
Allen, in Hillsville yesterday, he brightened up and asked: "What message did
he send me?" I told him that Jasper had said that he could give no advice to
any members of his family; that the matter was so serious that he preferred
to let each act for himself without advice from him.

"I wish he would tell me what he thinks I ought to do," he moaned, "and
I wish he would send word to Sidna and the boys to give themselves up and
stand trial. I want them to give themselves up. It's the only thing for
them to do."

The mountaineer's eyes grew sharp for a moment while he leaned nearer
the bars, and added: "I could have gotten away with the boys, but I stayed
behind to keep the boys out of trouble. I could have gotten away at any
time Thursday or Wednesday night, but I wanted to stay so the boys would
not have to suffer for me. It is true that my leg was broken, but I could
ride a horse with both legs broken. I told my son, Victor, and Byrd Marion
that I would not leave town, and so I went to the hotel and stayed there until
they came and took me."

As I was leaving Allen shook his head and said: "I'm sorry, I'm sorry,"
and called to me far down the corridor: "Tell them to send Judge Hairston
to me. Send me a minister. I've seen one, but I want to see another. Be
sure to send me a minister."

In the outer hall, after the door of many bolts had clanged behind us, the
officers told me that the old warrior had suddenly grown repentant and full
of remorse. Last night he wept like a child, and for a quarter of an hour he
prayed. Prison life, the loss of power and the silence of his former friends and